And I make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reproued'st me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Musing in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stope this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen me leaue to speake
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day serue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beate it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so you'd and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wis
on, that being bid to aske what
hee might know none of his secr
reason for it: for if a King bid a'
by the indenture of his oath to be
Husht heere comes the Lords o

Enter Hellicanus.
Lords

Hell. You shall not need, my
to question me of your Kings de
left in trust with me, doth speak
uell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be
licenc'd of your loues) he would
to you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on wha
displeasure at him, at least he iud
had erred or sinned, to shew his s
selfe; so putts himselfe vnto the
each minute threatens life or dea

Thal. Well I perceiue I shall
I would, but since hee's gone,
scapte the Land, to perish at the
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *An*

Thal. From him I come with
but since my landing I haue vnde
tooke himselfe to vnknowne trau
from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to de
fier, not to vs; yet ere you shall
to *Antioch*, we may rest in *Tyre*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)